

In Stress of Pity

By M. C. ENGLAND

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"Work is work, but pities is only pities," summed up Aunt Hepzibah tartly. "I'm going to town and you'll stay here and do that ironing, so don't let's have another word about it."

Barbara Larsen stood, meek and submissive, bravely holding back the tears till her aunt's gaunt form had turned down the road and disappeared trolleyward. Then she threw herself down in the old rocker and sobbed unreasonably.

She had told Jasper Burham she was going—Jasper, who had never before mustered up courage to ask her to go anywhere. And now he'd think she was doing it on purpose—that she didn't care.

She rose at last. The ironing must be done. But as she reached the kitchen door some wayward impulse turned her steps and forced her up into her own tiny bedroom, where lay in all their dear, seductive glory her "best things" that she had laid out ready to wear. Sobs shook her anew as she gazed at them. She moved over to the bureau and opening the bottom drawer took from it a shining length of ribbon that matched the little rosebuds on her dress.

With a sudden impulse she began to unhook the unbecoming brown gingham that was her inevitable week-day garb.

"I'll try them on, anyway," she resolved.

Fully arrayed, the pink ribbon gleaming around her waving brown hair, she surveyed herself with a mournful satisfaction. She hadn't known she could be so pretty. She looked longingly out at the radiant afternoon. Swinging down the road, with furtive, bashful glances toward the house, came Jasper. Barbara's heart beat hard. Turning, she ran down the stairway and out on the vine-covered porch.

"I'll let him see I was ready, anyway," she thought defiantly, "and then he'll think something happened afterward."

Jasper paused uncertainly at the gate.

"Coming?" he called.

Barbara looked up the road and saw the other girls chattering along with their sweethearts, all bound for the

great picnic of the year. Then she looked again at Jasper. Shyness, in the face of all the advancing crowd, was overpowering him. He had turned to go. Barbara's heart gave an agonized throb.

"Yes," she called suddenly.

She ran down the path, through the gate, and paused beside him. Without a word he started on, hands plunged deep in his pockets, speechless and overcome by his own daring.

Barbara walked beside him with downcast eyes. Presently, stealing a glance at her, he saw the signs of tears on her face. A rush of pitying indignation banished self-consciousness for the moment.

"Who's been hurting you?" he demanded.

"No one," she denied.

"Then what've you been crying for?"

"Because—because aunt said I shouldn't go," she stammered.

A sudden, terrific sense of what she had done overwhelmed her. Then the sound of happy, laughing voices behind brought a wave of defiant exultation.

"What'll she do?" asked Jasper shortly.

"I don't know—don't let's think about it," she begged.

But Jasper's mind clung to the subject.

"Darn her!" he burst forth. "Why

don't you leave? She's not your real aunt, is she?"

"No, but she took me when I was little, and she's kept me and raised me, and all for nothing."

"For nothing, yes, and you've worked like a slave for her. She couldn't pay a hired girl to do what you've done," avowed Jasper heatedly.

As silence fell his shyness returned. He walked awkwardly, kicking at the stones in his path or switching aimlessly at the tall reeds growing by the roadside. When they reached the picnic ground, a wide, cleared space in the woods by a rushing stream, he withdrew to a distance and Barbara joined a group of chattering girls by one of the swings.

He kept shyly apart from her during the afternoon, though his eyes followed her everywhere with a dumb worship. When twilight came and they began to flock homeward to chattering groups of twos and threes, Barbara had an instant's pang lest he should fall her, but a moment later he fell into step at her side.

With the homeward walk came back the crushing fear of what might befall her as a result of her disobedience. She knew only too well the harsh ill-temper of her aunt. She lagged more and more slowly, till all the happy, laughter-loving crowd had left them. Jasper lagged even one step slower, seeming loath to bring the silent walk to an end. Yet the twilight, the solitudes, the very hush of the night, the object of his devotion bred in him a paralyzing shyness, a very agony of self-consciousness.

Never, perhaps, would he have a chance like this again, yet the very thought of speaking of even reaching out and touching the little hand that swung near him, brought the perspiration in great beads to his brow.

Barbara, with the growing intuition of awakened womanhood, vaguely realized all this.

As they came in sight of the house her heart began to beat painfully. She moved closer to Jasper.

"I'm frightened," she whispered.

For the second time that day a fire of indignation swept Jasper's self-consciousness from him. His hand went out suddenly and grasped her small one.

"Don't you be afraid," he said soothingly.

They came opposite the window. Inside Aunt Hepzibah sat, waiting. Her jaws were set in a heavy, purposeful frown. Barbara grasped Jasper's arm with a little half-sob.

"Oh I—I hate her!" she whispered.

Jasper stood silent, staring at the woman, and with the helpless, trembling touch on his arm there surged up within him a mighty passion. He shook Barbara's hand from his arm almost roughly and took three great strides toward the house. Then he halted, suddenly, and turned.

"You come with me," he said.

She had to run to keep up with him. There was no breath left for speech. Presently they turned in at a gateway.

"Why, it's the minister's," panted Barbara.

Jasper knocked loudly at the door.

"We want to get married!" announced Jasper, a steady fire burning in his eyes.

"Well, now, I'm sure!" exclaimed the minister's wife bewilderedly.

"Why, it's little Barbara Larsen and—Jasper! Well, well, well!" She led them into the front room and disappeared.

"Mighty good thing!" they heard the minister say. "That child leads a dog's life." He strode into the room.

"Well, well!" he said kindly, "so you want to get married! That's right, Jasper. You're doing fine with the farm now. A wife is just what you need to make the old place look right." He stood them up before him.

When it was over and they were again outside, Jasper took Barbara's hand in his.

"Come," he said.

They walked, hand in hand and speechless, down the village street and along the road that led to Jasper's farm. As they reached the gateway the moon peeped out from under a cloud and flooded the orchard with silver light. Jasper stopped and gazed dazedly about at the familiar scene, then down at his wife's drooping head.

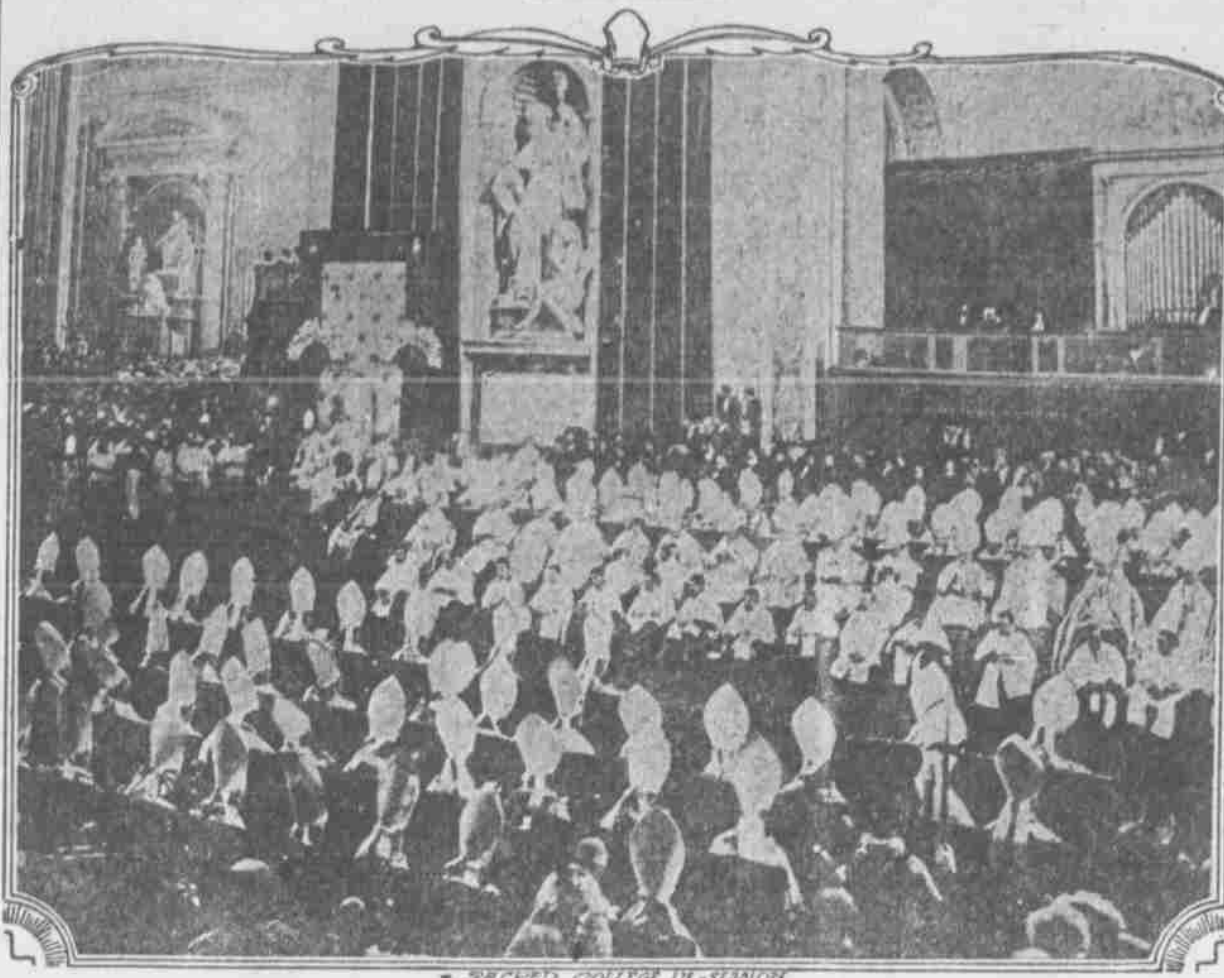
"Barbara!" he whispered unbelievingly.

She looked up, her eyes still dark with wonder.

He took her suddenly in his arms. The pent-up longing of two endless years seemed to culminate in that moment.

"Why, Barbara!" he cried passionately, "you're mine—you're mine! And I didn't know I was doing it!"

CREATION OF THE NEW CARDINALS AT ROME



THIS photograph shows the Sacred College of Cardinals in session at the time when Archbishop Farley, O'Connell and Falconio of America, and fifteen others were made princes of the church. The pope is seen seated on his throne, and in the latticed gallery on the right is the famous choir of the Sistine chapel.

HITS SOCIETY WOMEN

Briton Says American Upper Class Petted Too Much.

Praises Southern Family Life—Pride in Maintaining Lineage Receives Approval of Writer in English Review.

London.—The American society woman is severely criticised by Fltyn Young in an article on "American Characteristics" in the current English Review.

"She is as much pampered and petted," he says, "as the favorite of an eastern harem. Her life, since most American men are closely occupied with business, is lived almost entirely among women. The American favorites of the harem crowd to together in noisy restaurants in lunchroom parties, chatting endless nonsense at the top of their voices, this being almost their sole distraction, poor things, since for women, no more than for anyone else (except for children and servants, who have the liberty to be insolent and inefficient), is there any true liberty in America."

"Just as the moment when women in American society become mature they cease to live and grow, and remain half children, half dolls."

"Before marriage they can do as they please; after marriage they surrender both individuality and liberty of thought and movement."

So much for the American woman in society. On the subject of American women in the family of the same writer holds very different views. "If one takes the family as the basis of any state of community," he says, "and judges it by its failure of success in the communal purpose, then I think without any doubt, one must admit that family life is one of the very best things in America."

"American families are singularly united, and carry on into mature age that unity and affection which, as a

rule, only last through the period of childhood.

"There is no pleasanter sight than that of some well-to-do American family in a beautiful and spacious house in one of the southern states, where the patriarchal life goes on beyond the youth of the children, who, if they marry, still keep the old home as their center, and, instead of forsaking it, bring new sons and daughters into it, or, if they be unmarried, are comrades and friends of their parents, whom, as old age steals on them like sunset, and care for as they themselves were cherished."

"This is the ideal of family life, seldom realized anywhere, but more often now in America than anywhere else."

Deaths Claims Two Oldest Colored Women in Washington—One 93, the Other 92.

Washington.—Two of the oldest colored residents of the capital have been claimed by death recently. Mrs. Mary J. Wayne, 93 years old, dying at her home, 315 East Capitol street, and Mrs. Louisa Wright, 92 years old, dying recently at her home, 918 Twentieth street Northwest.

The funeral of "Aunt Mary" Wayne, as she was known, was held from Israel African Methodist Episcopal church, First and B streets, Southwest, the services being conducted by Rev. R. K. Harris, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. W. J. Howard and Rev. W. H. Stevenson. Mrs. Wayne, who was the widow of Rev. L. H. Wayne, who died in 1868, was born in 1813. Seven children, 15 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren survive her.

Arrangements were made to hold the funeral of Mrs. Wright from the

FORGOTTEN HOARD IS FOUND

Nebraska Merchant Hid Gold and Silver in His Store—Recovered When Building Is Razed.

Lexington, Neb.—Willow Island, Neb., has the champion absentee-minded man. While tearing down his old store building after building a new one, Neil McMullen, for thirty-five years the principal merchant of Willow Island, found \$4,500 in gold and silver that he had hidden at various times and forgotten. McMullen is eighty years old, but is active in business. He is a bachelor.

Wolves Run Deer into City.

Anaconda, Mich.—Driven from the hills by the deep snows and desperate hunger, bands of timber wolves are prowling on the outskirts of the city. A band of five wolves pursued a deer into the heart of the city but were put to flight by a night watchman.

Lived Close to Century

Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal church, M street between Tenth and Sixteenth streets.

"Too Pretty for a Poor Man."

San Francisco.—A comely countenance of a wife is too great a luxury for a working man, William J. Gallagher told Judge J. J. Van Nostrand in the superior court the other day while testifying in support of his complaint for divorce from Mrs. Blanche Gallagher.

"I could not afford to pay for the motor cars which she thought her good looks entitled her to be supplied," said Gallagher. "She also thought she should wear clothes entirely too expensive for a man earning only \$5 or \$6 a day. I did the best I could, but she was too pretty for a poor man and became discontented."

After listening to the husband's detailed recital of his wife's necessities, the court granted Gallagher's petition.

twenty-eight great-grandchildren, five great-great-grandchildren and six great-great-great-grandchildren.

Man 117 Years Old, Dead

Abraham Kalinsky Helped to Burn Moscow When Napoleon Marched Upon City.

Baltimore, Md.—Abraham Kalinsky, one hundred and seventeen years old, who helped burn Moscow when Napoleon marched upon that city in 1812, and who was believed to be the oldest man in the world, died in the Hebrew Friendly Inn and Aged People's Home, on Alisquith street, late the other night. He had been in the home only eight days, having been taken there from a squalid room on Albemarle street, where he had lived for years.

Infirm and feeble from age, he nevertheless put up a vigorous resistance against his rescuers before he was carried from the place by force. He had lived in the room so long that he did not want to leave, but the Hebrew Friendly Inn Society decided to care for him, and he was accordingly taken to the home on Alisquith street.

After being taken there he remained in a semi-stupor until he died. Dr. Morris Savage, the physician of the home, attended him. His son, who is sixty-eight years old, Morris Waxman, superintendent of the home, and Dr. Savage were at his side when he died.

He was buried in Mount Carmel cemetery. Services were conducted by Rabbi Rosenthal of Low Street Synagogue. Over 250 friends and relatives attended. Born in Kiev, Kalinsky lived with his parents on a farm until he entered the German army under General Blucher and fought against Napoleon. After the war he settled down on a farm for a while, but after several of his children had come to this country and written home of their prosperity here he decided to come to America and came direct to this city, where he always lived.

Thrice had he been married, his last wife, who is eighty-four years old, surviving him. Also surviving him are three children, twenty grandchildren,

Divorced Wife Makes Find

Decree Twelve Years Ago—Property Worth \$400,000 Found in Man's Name—He Must Divide.

Seattle, Wash.—Superior Judge Boyd C. Tillman has issued a decree giving to Mrs. Sarah V. Phipps title to one-half of a \$400,000 property in Seattle owned by Luther E. Phipps, from whom she was divorced in Chicago twelve years ago. Phipps was also ordered to give an accounting of the property for the last twelve years.

Mrs. Phipps alleged that when she obtained her divorce her husband settled with her for a few hundred dollars, assuring her that he had little money.

Later she learned that he had property in Chicago worth \$350,000, and recently she discovered that he had valuable property in Seattle, which he had bought in 1896, before their divorce.

Upholds Nude Art Case

German Court Orders Widow Not to Drape Pictures—Says It Hurts Artist's Honor.

Berlin.—The German law courts have upheld nudity in art in a curious case. A painter of mythological scenes for the walls of a wealthy Berlin widow's villa is the complainant.

The paintings were mostly nudes, and after admiring them for years, the widow suddenly became shocked and had the pictures draped.

The court of appeals delivered a judgment that she had no right to do so, considering that the painting over the figures damaged the artist's professional honor, and injured his reputation. The judge declared that the widow must leave the figures nude or remove them entirely.

Quits to Get Rid of Wife.

Atlanta.—Simultaneously with the acceptance of his resignation from the Georgia conference, Rev. Benjamin

NO HARD PROBLEM TO SOLVE

Belboy's Suggestion Would Seem to Be Natural Way to Get Around Situation.

The Englishman who has been wearing a top hat and a frock coat impressed all who saw him with his distinguished appearance as he strolled about with an expansive air in one of the more expensive hotels. On Wednesday morning he came up to a clerk.

"I would like to have a shirt laundered," he said. "I must have it back by five o'clock."

The clerk told him that the time was unusually short, but he would do what he could, and the shirt was delivered on time.

He came down Thursday morning and said he wanted another shirt laundered, but that this one must be back by two o'clock in the afternoon. The clerk said that would be too short a time. The Briton grew angry and demanded to see the proprietor.

He got as far as the bellboy captain, to whom he protested that he would not stand for such treatment. The bellboy suggested the purchase of a third shirt.—New York Sun.

NOT THE OLD MASTERS.



Visitor (admiring painting)—Is that one of the old masters? Rastus—No, sah; dat belongs to de ole missus.

In after years a woman may be sorry she married the man in the case, but she's always glad that "that other woman" didn't get him.

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Sulphate of Barium—
Sulphate of Strontium—
Sulphate of Calcium—
Sulphate of Sodium—
Sulphate of Potassium—
Sulphate of Ammonium—
Sulphate of Magnesium—
Sulphate of Zinc—
Sulphate of Iron—
Sulphate of Copper—
Sulphate of Lead—
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Sulphate of Potassium—
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